

To the Top of the Cliff

Erik Kountz

The climber hangs with spider legs dangling,
Scrambling for a foothold upon the steep rock face,
Getting a grip and pushing higher,
Each step sending pebbles crashing down in little landslides.

The climber nimbly glides along the rocks jutting from the face.
But if he slips, he hangs on dearly to the thread
That keeps him from falling and hitting the rocks below,
Safely tethering him to the granite wall.

The climber skitters gracefully upward,
Creating a new pathway with nylon rope stronger than silk,
Slowly succeeding, inching upward, reaching the top.
The prize—the beetle that the spider caught.

Zom-Poc Survival

Clara Mount

These days, my dear, are called bittersweet,
the moments and places and half-eaten faces
when words part ways and distances greet.

I've witnessed the monsters' cannibal embraces
as they suddenly turn on friends walking by
and hungrily dribble their slobber in traces

of sickening wetness like human meat pie.
I've watched them merge into shuffling masses,
but when I see zombies, the zombies see I,

and then I must flee to save all our asses
and shout out my warning to run, run away!
For the zombies emerging from all those car crashes
entice living people to sharper dismay.